

THE ONE

NOW YOU'RE PLAYING WITH POWER.

MODTROID

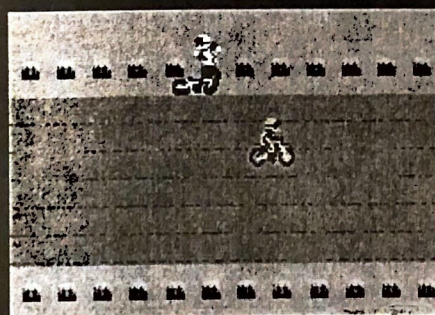
PUSH START BUTTON

© 1986 NINTENDO



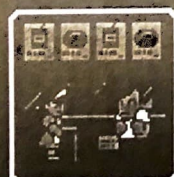
VENTURE TO THE FARTHEST REACHES OF CAMPUS TO DESTROY THE MODTROID & RESTORE HARMONY TO THE STUDENT BODY.

YELLOW EXCITEBIKE



COMPETE WITH COMPUTER PLAYERS TO SEE WHO CAN GET THE COMMUNITY MOTOR-BIKES AS FAR AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION AS POSSIBLE.

SAGA CITY RANSOM

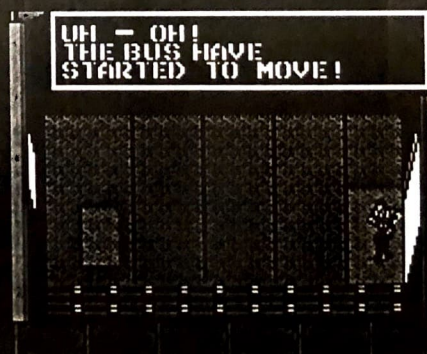


Roberta's
Burger
Joint

Swill	1.50
Swill	1.50
Swill	2.00
Vegan swill	2.75
Smile	Free
Main Menu	

GET BEAT UP BY GAMERS WITH LEAD PIPES ON YOUR WAY TO THE DINING COMMONS.

PVTA'S REVENGE



INFILTRATE THE ENEMY'S CAMPUSES, AND TRY TO AVOID CRAZY PEOPLE.

* VOLUME 18 * NUMBER 7 *
10 MAY 2002 * Hampshire



CONTENTS

To Write, And Write Again	3	Magnum, Uhhh, Opus	20
Vultures of the Centre	4	Screamin' Steven	23
Laycock says: Fuck You!	6	Questionable Haiku	23
No Sweeps for you, I'm going into reruns	7	The Fine Art of Panelhandling	24
Last Testament of Gwynne	8	Riches to Rags	26
Fuck the Fucking Fuckers II	10	First-Yearling With Me	26
Renovation, & other Latin derivatives	12	Ciao Bella Hampshire!	27
Bye Bye and Oh My!	13	List O' End of the Year Thoughts	28
Legend of the Long Night, Part II	14	Death to the Extremist XXXIII	29
First Ever!	15	Rosie's Year in Review	30
Transformers: D.O.N.G.	16	On Missed Opportunities and Lambs	31
"I Think My Head is Burning!"	19	Test Your Presidential I.Q.	32

omen

Volume 18, Number 7
May 10, 2002

layout & editing

Aaron Buchsbaum	Very Dateable Ken
Arnab Chakrabarty	Community Council Ken
Beth Day	Pill Poppin' Barbie
Christine Fernsebner Eslao	Barbie & the Indie Rockers
Dorian Gittleman	Bitter Sex Barbie
Sasha Horwitz	Uppity Bastard Ken
Gabriel Mckee	Jedi Ken
Karl Moore	Porn Star Ken
Jeffrey Patenostro	Wrestlemania Edition Ken
Rosalina Valdez	Naughty Secretary Barbie
Gwynne Watkins	Starvin' Artist Barbie
Michael Zole	Friggin Tall Ken

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Cover by Christine Fernsebner Eslao,
Karl Moore, and Rosalina Valdez
Back Cover by Brooks Reeves

The Article Goblins say the quote!

to submit

Too late! This is the last issue of the semester! You should have written something instead of just sitting on your ass! ...Well, that's okay. You can always write next year. Have a good summer!

Sincerely,

Michael Zole

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

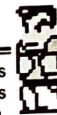
It would say
"BADASS".

Quote attributed to Lynn Miller, on what his tattoo would say. If he had one



BITTER... OR SWEET?!?!?

an editorial



Early in my Hampshire career I heard a lot of talk about the seemingly Hampshire-specific phenomenon of the "bitter older student". It seems that around third or fourth year, maybe even second, the Hampshire experience takes quite a toll on people. Maybe it's the often frustrating academic system, or financial aid, or the sometimes baffling behavior of some students (my first year, a friend of mine had a VCR stolen from their lounge; the thief was later revealed to be a friend who borrowed the VCR and just never told anyone). Whatever the reason, I was told, everyone ends up a bitter older student sooner or later. Saying you won't only makes it more inevitable (if that's even possible).

Now I'm wrapping up my third year at Hampshire, and I'm rather surprised to find that I'm not bitter. Not even just that: I'm the *editor of the Omen*, and I'm not bitter. I don't get it. I mean, I'm not under the delusion that Hampshire is always a pleasant school to be at. It's hard to suffer through the terrible food, confusing academics, and very limited facilities Hampshire has to offer when other schools, at least on the surface, have better stuff and charge less money.

If this crap hasn't gotten to you yet, it will. It gets to me quite often. And yet somehow, I've never entertained the idea of transferring or going on leave. It's actually quite easy: you have to let go of 80-90% of the expectations you have about Hampshire. As I've mentioned before, I came here for the more-or-less guaranteed single rooms, and I got that, and the serenity comes rolling in. I'm not saying you have to give up your dreams. You just have to learn to compromise, and compromise often.

I can't help but think compromise is a lost art at this school, and that this is where a lot of the bitterness comes from. You can see it in the "dialog" we have on hot issues. Being associated with the *Omen* for six semesters, I've seen the pattern often: one side (or both) will refuse to see the other side's argument (why compromise when you're *right*?), the discussion basically splits in two such that both sides are simply restating their opinions over and over, and everyone goes home angry. Good times.

After this semester, everyone who was on the *Omen* staff my first semester will have graduated. Some of these staffers graduated bitter, and some graduated *really* bitter (recall former editor Jacob Chabot's final article, "Fuck the Fucking Fuckers"), but it's not too late for me. The bitterness hasn't gotten to me yet, and since I've still got a year to go, I say to Hampshire: do your worst! All the Daily Jolt hot lists and *Omen* detractors in the world are powerless against my fearsome ability to not give a shit.

That said, however incoherently, this can be a pretty good school. For all the conflict and buffoonery that can make this college unbearable, I find there's a core of really cool people which is just large enough to make it all worth it. Sometimes. Among this core are the many people who have written for the *Omen*, and this semester we're going to see many of them graduate—Benni, Wilder, Gwynne, Christine, Keely, Jess, Erin, and the countless contributors who've chipped in over the years. Farewell to you all, and may you all find jobs that will help you forget this mess.

policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

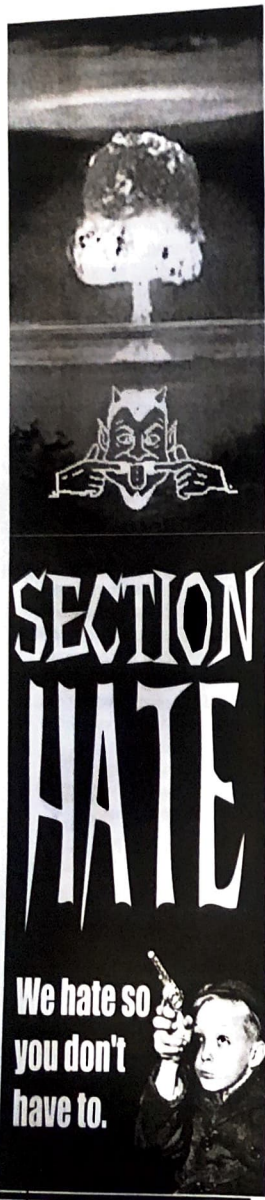
The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous

submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff; the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.





VULTURES OF THE CENTRE

Ah, Hampshire!!!! I'm done. I've passed my Div III, and I am probably leaving this place for a long, long time, and I am leaving with very mixed feelings about our dear school. Hampshire is an ongoing experiment, as is any school that desires to excel, and it is this dynamism and openness to change that gives me hope, and what causes me immense worry is the fact that many choose to come here thinking that Hampshire is a haven for specific kinds of political expression.

At this point, I should insert a little disclaimer-of-sorts here. I was going to write something to match my occasional, caustic Daily Jolt™ posts, but I think I've hit upon an issue that is dear to me and which I take very seriously. So bear with me, folks, for the rest of this article is going to be long, dense, and tiresome for most. My first attempt at this article was last night, after about eight shots or so of Goldschlager Cinnamon Schnapps, the effort that emerged dealt nearly exclusively with my dependence on those slushy, nasty public toilets in Calcutta, so here I am, rewriting it.

One of the primary purposes of college, in my experience, has been the opportunity to meet people from diverse cultural, economic, social, and national backgrounds and to hear them narrate their stories. It is this wealth of range of life-experiences of other young people that I have encountered in the Five Colleges over the past four years that make for the most significant

aspect of my own growth during this period. One can never literally see the world from another person's lenses, but one can come pretty close, and it is that what matters – the fact that one did reach out and try to appreciate another view, however new, strange or even dissonant.

I have found Hampshire's recruiting trends over the past two years to be more interesting than, say, in my first two years at school. Yet, we seem to have a chronic problem on this campus – there will always be students who are totally uninterested in hearing what other people have to say! A scary manifestation of this problem is an instance when certain members of Student Affairs staff become ideological bed-buddies with some loud student voices, resulting in embarrassing situations that do no one any good. Yes, my friends, I am talking about SoURCe, the umbrella organization that seeks to be an advocacy group for students of colour and for other student groups associated with this theme. In the recent days, or shall we say, SoURCe, egged on by the administration's nonchalant, or perhaps albeit compromised position, has engaged in behaviour that is objectionable at every level, given its direct impact on the reputation of this institution as well as its internal harmony.

Having wasted hundreds of words already, let me now cut to the chase. I am pissed. In addition, it is not the first time that I've been pissed at this school, but having passed my bloody Division III, and having made it to the official status of a gradu-

by Arnab Chakrabarty, contributor

ate (I'd say alumnus, but alas, I scaled that dwarf of a hillock within three semesters of enrollment), I feel that the time is right. The time is ripe for me to demonstrate in the most profane of ways, my displeasure at how "students of colour and their allies" stormed the luncheon hosted in honour of accepted students by the Admissions Office. Don't you arses realise that our dedicated Admissions staff spent months working overtime to make this happen? And how dare you make a statement on behalf of "all students of colour" when I was holed up in my room working away at my Div III, without as much as a second to even think about your various and sundry protests? By storming the luncheon, indulging in unruly behaviour and by shouting slogans with little factual content, you have yet again succeeded in maligning the name of this school, which is already in dire straits financially and in terms of recruitment – so much so that it actually had to recruit some of you as a measure of ensuring solvency.

I don't blame you entirely. How could you have known better when a supposedly responsible staff member – allegedly with connexions to Mr. Castro – decided to betray the very institution they work for, by helping mastermind and execute that "protest". The reason too, remains, in my understanding and opinion, fairly petty. Special Interest Housing is not a guaranteed right (and yes, I am something like Hampsha's Constitution Boy – so no messing with that), though yes, it would be nice for everyone to be able to decide who the live with, let us all remember that our school strug-

gles really hard to provide adequate rooms for entering classes. Linda Mollison works day and night every summer to house you all. Every year, many students have to spend the first months of their Hampshire career in a lounge – which is meant to be a recreational space for all; not a residential area. So, in this situation, is it fair to demand priority in this area based on the fact that we have pigmented skin? NO.

That being the basic premise of my argument, let me proceed a step further to say that Hampshire has been fairly considerate and has stretched itself thin to accommodate the supposedly (and to some extent, admittedly) special needs of students of colour and international students (and no, I have not for a moment felt oppressed, isolated or neglected by this school). After having been blessed with the comforts of such an accepting and considerate community, is it not somewhat Machiavellian to accuse this very institution of according "stepmotherly treatment" to students of colour? To cite specific instances, why don't we consider special interest housing as our key issue; it had been guaranteed by Linda's office that students of colour and international students, if they do want to continue the status-quo, will be GUARANTEED the same number of mods as they have traditionally occupied. So when all other students have to move their arses to a different part of campus, why in bloody hell do YOU have a problem with moving to a new mod that is guaranteed anyway? Sheer laziness?

And of course, there is that infamous Battle of the Asian Studies Mod. By singling out

an individual as "racist" and "inconsiderate", you have lost not only her friendship and loyalty, but those of many, many others who would have been your allies, but will now be wary of even interacting with you. Let me now tell you what I think of that arrangement: The Asian-American studies mod is NOT constituted along the lines of its occupants' ethnicity. I can cite the example of at least one Caucasian American woman from Virginia who lives there. This very fact, while it defeats the prime crux of their argument for the mod's existence (aka "safe space"), ought to be celebrated as a victory for desegregation and racial harmony. Nevertheless, this does not mean that this mod has the same basis for "special interest" consideration along with other student of colour mods. And by the way... before y'all argue that this individual is an "ally" of students of colour, let me ask you a question. Who determines who's an "ally of students of colour" and who is not? Fidel's honorary niece?

Hampshire can recover much of the lost ground in this area only if the Lebron-Wiggins-Pran Cultural Center is razed to the ground and rebuilt from the scratch. The very purpose of this Centre on this campus has been defeated by the recent activities and propaganda that has emanated from it. Instead of fostering harmony and intergroup/intercultural dialogue, the Centre has served as a dividing line between those assigned to "special categories" (again, by whom...???) and those not. This anomaly must be corrected expeditiously if Hampshire has to maintain its self-proclaimed tryst with reality.



LAYCOCK SAYS: FUCK YOU!

by Joe Laycock, contributor

I felt compelled to write one last *Omen* Article in order to get a few things off my chest. Rather than waste paper I think I'll just begin:

Massachusetts Sucks. Never have I seen a state more deserving of total and utter annihilation. No, it isn't that my Texas blood can't take the cold. I think I first noticed that I hated this place while sitting in a traffic jam to North Hampton, inhaling the smell of cow shit as it wafted into the bus. I thought to myself, "Amazing, I have the worst aspects of rural and urban life here." I have since come to consider Massachusetts not to be part of the geography of Earth but rather some horrible nightmare realm that I can only compare to the Ravenloft campaign setting.

There is a terrible aura of oppression here. Part of it is the dark, but there's more than that. Light seems not to work here. At night Massachusetts seems filled with an impenetrable gloom. Light from electrical sources such as street-lamps or flashlights seems to be lessened, as if the night simply soaks it up like a sponge.

Then there is the mysterious phenomenon of wounds. My body's ability to heal itself is seriously impaired by the environment of this death-realm. For example, if someone scratches me with their fingernail and draws a drop of blood, the wound will close, but it will leave a red mark for a month or more. This mark isn't a scar-it's just a mark. My first semester I was in a bike accident and kept those red marks for almost the entire year. I'm not the only one who has experienced this.

Much like Ravenloft, Mas-

sachusetts apparently even has an evil ruler. Part of the reason it's so dark here is that the state claims it can not afford street lighting or the reparation of potholes. And how about that bridge to North Hampton. I've been hearing about how they're planning to fix that for four years. And yet it costs a small fortune to own a car here. There's a reason they call this place "Taxachusetts." You'd think with all that revenue they would let things like parking tickets slide. Wrong. They pursue you into other states like vengeful leprechauns. So where does all the money go? How much cocaine and call girls can one Massachusetts bureaucrat need? Furthermore, I'm sick of them trying to draft all us college students into jury duty. That's no way to treat a guest in your state. There are people who have chosen to permanently live in this hellhole, why can't they serve? Is this state so lacking in intelligent people that they have to beg every traveler and apothecary who comes into town to resolve their disputes? I honestly think some ambitious Hampshire student should organize a class-action lawsuit against these bastards. I'm not talking a protest with a puppet-show either. I'm talking a lawsuit with lawyers and everything and no puppet-lawyers!

Speaking of laws, what the fuck is up with all these blue laws? The witch-trials are over, how about letting people stay out after ten o'clock on a Friday night! Some of you don't remember the Waitley Diner. Before the Sit Down Diner the Waitley was the only thing that was allowed to be open because it was a truck stop. Can

you imagine how much money a 24 hour coffee shop would make in Amherst or North Hampton? Do they not understand that college students have money? Or that the spending of such money helps the local economy? And who would it harm if we could buy beer on Sundays. I mean, isn't it offensive to Jews and Muslims to sell beer on Fridays and Saturdays? And how about a drive-through liquor store like we have in Texas. Hell, if the drunk driving rate went up at least the local cops would have something to do. They wouldn't have to stop people for cracked break-lights or pull down frozen snow-phalluses. And another thing! I am willing to entertain the pathetic boundaries that pass for states up here. But what wrinkled, inbred gastropod is responsible for the names of all these towns. This state has about five names for towns that they use over and over again. Three Hamptons, Three Hadleys, Five Salems. It's ridiculous! You know if you can't think of more than five names for a town, you should not go and colonize a continent. Fucking inbred limey bastards. It's like they made the state map using cut & paste! Or maybe the towns were named by an exuberant Grover, having just learned the four directions.

"Can you tell me how to get to Sesame Street?"

"Do you mean East Sesame Street in North Hampton? Or South Sesame Street in East Hampton? Or maybe the one in North New Salem? It's right down that shitty dirt road with no shoulder. You know, the one that

continued on page 11

Theoretical



by Jeffrey Paternostro, columnist

On the off chance that this may be my last *Omen* article ever (around here, you never know what next fall will bring, or not bring) I considered flipping the proverbial middle finger to a bunch of people who have made my thus far two year stay on this campus just that much more annoying and tiresome. And it's a fairly good sized list. I think I hit bitter older student-dom about my fourth or fifth week here. Regardless, on the off chance that I do come back in the Fall, there is no point in shooting my rhetorical wad here and now. Besides, it wouldn't be fair to our proud cadre of Div Threes, who have actually earned the right, and probably accumulated far more 'fuck you's, over their four years here at Camp Hamp. So, I leave that up to them, then; as for me, I will take a look back at the year that was, at some of the stories that were brought to you courtesy of my keyboard, in the fine pages of this publication.

Activists and Protesters:

Well, I still pretty much dislike most of them. Like I have said time and time again, activism has been given a bad name by the activists. What they seem to fail to realize when they get behind a cause, is that they are often supporting scum, be that a different type of scum from that they are protesting against. For example. Israeli Nationalists. Scum. Palestinian Nationalists. Scum. Corrupt Philadelphia Police Department and Racist

No SWEEPS FOR YOU. I'M GOING INTO RERUNS

Judicial System. Scum. Mumia. Scum. American Government's Shoddy Foreign Policy and Warmongering. Scummy. Arab countries policies on harboring terrorist sects. Scummy. Rapid Globalization brought on by organizations such as the WTO and FTAA. Scum. Middle class college student protestors looting in the name of anarchosyndicalism. Scum. Sure, maybe that is a tad hyperbolic. Or maybe not. Still, I feel quite confident in saying that we need far more wrestling fans, and far less SS students here at Hampshire.

The Forward: Christ, this isn't a can of worms I want to open again. Except to say that it did garner the one negative e-mail I ever got about an *Omen* article, thus balancing out the one positive e-mail I ever got. I'm with our editor-in-chief on this one. I respect the *Forward* staff, and the work they have done to actually get out multiple issues this semester, but their content is still garbage, and will continue to be until someone decides that they actually want to run a newspaper, and actually print news content, instead of position pieces on important events on campus that should be covered with an objective eye (aka SOURCE protest).

The Professional Wrestling: Man, American wrestling sure is bitey. Hulkamnia was cool for two weeks, until we all remembered that he can't wrestle anymore, and is an old man who has no in-ring cred-

ibility. He still gets big reactions live, but attendance is dwindling, and nobody is watching Smackdown. The belt needs to get off Hogan, and not go back to HHH. But what do I know, I was just a fan bored to death during Smackdown this week. Thankfully, EDDIE-I is back.

Omen Office: Nope. Still sitting in the pub lab, typing up my article. On a totally unrelated note, the *Omen* will be celebrating its tenth anniversary in the Fall, making us the oldest student group without an office. Thanks for caring, Hampsters. Okay, so maybe it wasn't totally unrelated. On another totally unrelated note, I will be a signer next year. That isn't going to be good for anyone.

CS Div I: Well, looks like I am going to pass it, though not in the way I thought I would at the beginning of the semester. I never actually filed a Div 1 plan, but if I had it would have been the method in which I passed my Div Ones....after I changed it five times along the way.

Wrestlemania: Wrestlemania rocks, daddy-o, I'm so making the return trip next year, assuming the date and location is favorable.

Spiderman: Okay, I didn't write about it this year. But I should have. And you should all go see it. It's whippass!

Until next time, Hampsters, I'll see ya when I see ya.





THE LAST TESTAMENT OF GYNNNE

To the Hampshire Community: In my four years as a Hampshire student, I have watched half of my entering class disappear from campus. I've been called before the Community Review Board for writing a controversial *Omen* editorial. (The trial was so tense that "CRB" is now a permanent verb in my vocabulary, as in, "Don't go there or I'll CRB you ass!") I've been made to be ashamed for my Christianity, my working-class background, and my politics. I have watched this "open-minded" campus clamp its mind shut on me, over and over.

And yet... I still love this place. It's like a prodigal son or a first love - my affection is permanent, no matter how many things try to displace it. Hampshire has done things for me that I know no other college could have done. I didn't think I could, in four short years, learn so much about myself. About people. And - strange as it may seem through the film of the Hampshire Bubble - about the world. The friends I've kept through these four years are friends I will keep for a long time to come. I have grown so much, often painfully, but never with regret. And my Division III, while the hardest thing I've ever done, was the ideal culmination of it all.

So it is out of love that I write this letter. If I didn't want this place to improve - if I didn't hope

that my children would someday apply here - I wouldn't bother. But I think that Hampshire has a lot to look forward to. So here, in brief, is a list of things I'd like to see after I'm gone, as I pick up the alumni paper and hope to discover that...

• **Activists learn how to be active.** One of Hampshire's biggest draws is its focus on activism, but all too often, Hampshire activists fail to reach outside their own heads, never mind their own community. I long for the day that activists volunteer at the battered women's shelter in Holyoke rather than postering the campus with slogans. Effective activism combines idealism with realism. Hampshire activists have plenty of the former, but to take their worthy causes past academia, they need a good dose of the latter.

• **Parents can be proud to send their children here.** Never have I felt the strain of Hampshire's misunderstood reputation more than this fall. When the anti-war vote became national news, my parents were placed on the defensive by their whole Republican town. As unfair as this was to them, at least they remained supportive of me; my friends' more conservative parents were outraged. Hampshire students often take the attitude that Hampshire's reputation is not their problem. But here's the catch: you are Hampshire's reputation. By choosing drugs over school-

work, trashing the Arts Village, or sabotaging Accepted Students Day, you're contributing to every false conception that brings Hampshire down.

• **A spiritual center is founded.** Hampshire is the only school in the Consortium that doesn't have any sort of spiritual center or advisor. And why should we? Because some people need it. I've had a great many conversations with people of all faiths and denominations whose four years would have been greatly strengthened by an opportunity to express their spirituality on this campus. I'm not talking about some mission to "convert" people - rather, I'm envisioning a place to talk on a non-academic level with other Buddhists or Jews, to pray with other Christians or Unitarians, or to meditate alone - and not be ashamed. I wanted nothing more on September 11 - and in many times of personal turmoil - than to pray with someone. This is a legitimate resource from which Hampshire staff, students, and faculty could all benefit.

• **Race can be discussed in a constructive, open manner.** I have attended many discussions on campus racial issues, as well as being in the center of one or two, and none of them have made me feel that the problem is improving. No one knows how to talk about racism on this campus without isolating half of it. People need to be educated for their misconceptions, rather than condemned.

They need to be able to speak honestly and communicate openly without the risk of being labeled "white supremacist," "reverse racist," or any of the ugly slurs that bring dialogue to a halt. People on this campus must also learn to acknowledge that there are many social theories dealing with racism, and we will never unanimously agree on the "right" one. I've been called a racist for not wanting to 'admit my racism' or 'apologize for my whiteness' - and while I personally believe that these strategies are counterproductive in dialogue about race, they are not "wrong," I am not "right," and we should not be shut down for speaking our minds. Especially if we've done our homework.

• **The theatre program gets its own funding instead of depending on FICOM.** So many students do theatre at Hampshire. And I'm not just talking about the Theatre Board-sponsored shows in EDH. This year, I've seen dozens of productions, by students with concentrations in all the schools, with actors or dancers or puppets or multimedia, in the Tavern or the Red Barn or the gallery or the lawn. Theatre is everywhere here, open to everyone. Yet the faculty is in such demand and the money so unpredictable that the program simply cannot support everyone who wants to participate. And no program at Hampshire should have to turn enthusiastic students away.

• **There are enough professors in the Creative Writing Program.** And the film program, and the photography program, and so on. Writing faculty are far too scarce for a school that is absolutely dependent on good writers. That students have to

apply for a writing member on their committee is a shame; that they might not be able to get one is a crime.

• **Classism at Hampshire is discussed, acknowledged, and dealt with.** Like many students, I'm here courtesy of a lot of financial aid. So I take some things personally. Like being criticized for shopping at Walmart, or not buying organic, when I can't afford anything else. Like going for weeks without food when I didn't have a car to take me to the grocery store. Like having my plates broken, or my bike stolen, or my food ransacked. Like being called an 'oppressor' by a guy with a designer jacket and a private education. There is a great deal of downright disrespect - for property and for people - on this campus. Yes, I'm bitter. But no, it's not all in my head. Class discrimination is an offense to everyone, and someone needs to break the silence.

• **The campus is supportive of a broad range of political and personal viewpoints and lifestyles.** I won't deny that I came to this school in part because of its left-wing leanings. But I was in for a rude awakening when I discovered that "liberal" is not synonymous with "open-minded" - and I'm not the left-wing poster child I thought I was in high school. Sure, there's no official school stance on this, but I've seen several professors stand aside as a classroom ganged up on the one student who didn't share

their opinion. This is not learning, it is bullying. Considered Action, a small but proud group of Hampshire conservatives, attempted to stage a Bush rally last year to prove the one-sidedness of campus politics. Greg Prince himself shut them down, for fear they'd "cause a riot." There's no point in learning if we're all being taught to think alike. No one on a truly progressive campus should be afraid to have their own opinions and beliefs. As a concerned administrator once put it, "In many ways, this campus is

as intolerant as a conservative school like Bob Jones." Hampshire, by all rights, should be the opposite of a close-minded institution.

So there it is, my list of things that I believe could make our Hampshire a better place. I'm sure every one of you has a list of your own - and if you care, perhaps you should do what I'm doing. Write it up. Put it out there. And send it to the administration, the trustees, and anyone else with the power to put ideas in action. I composed this letter because ultimately, Hampshire is my college. I want my college to live up to everything it stands for. And you should want that for your college, too.

Sincerely,

Gwynne
Elisabeth
Watkins





FUCK THE FUCKING FUCKERS 2

Four years ago, when I accepted the invitation to join Hampshire College, I foresaw a new, beautiful future looming on the horizon. One filled with non-corrupt politics, a new way of thinking, and overall, a place where I didn't have to be afraid of who I was. I was really hopeful that I would be amongst people who were working for a better future, who could leave personal politics aside and work for a greater goal.

But, four years later, I realize that everything I believed in is a lie, and that this \$35,000 delusion is one of the least freethinking, liberal colleges in our country. And I'm not only referring to the administration when I say this, I'm also referring to the staff, the faculty, and most of all, the students, who waste their days bickering amongst themselves or doing handfuls of illegal drugs instead of actually doing something with their lives. Hey, if I had mommy and daddy paying for me to go here, maybe I wouldn't care so much either. Maybe if I went to some fancy shmancy private high school where they would serve us with a silver spoon and clean up after we shit all over the floor, I could see flushing my life down the drain for a little bit of attention. But the fact of the matter is that I'm here on my own two feet, and I'm gonna walk out of here in just 9 days. But I'm not gonna be a better person or a stronger person. No. I'm just gonna be more bitter. And it's all thanks to you:

1) Racists at Hampshire: Racism is a horrible thing. We all agree on that. But accusing

people of being racists when they aren't only causes fear and anxiety and paranoid delusions amongst students and faculty. I've been called a racist. You've probably been called a racist. How does that help?!? Are you trying to make me feel guilty for trying to make me do something I don't do? To make me stop doing something I never did? Get off your fucking high horse and listen to me for a moment. If you attack each and every person you see for being a racist, how is that ever going to ever help? It simply dilutes your argument, angers many others, and causes friction when what you're really trying to do is bring people together. Maybe you need to reexamine your goals, and STOP TRYING TO TAKE OVER THE FUCKING SCHOOL!

2) Biased Faculty at Hampshire: If you're being paid to listen to both sides of the argument and are only listening to one side and acting only on their behalf, you are NOT DOING YOUR JOB AND SHOULD BE FIRED. Nuff said.

3) Community Council: It's a joke. Don't even waste your time with it. Join Ficom. They have the power. They have the money. There is no such thing as student governance on campus. There never was, and there most likely never will be as long as Hampshire students continue to be fuckers with personal agendas.

4) First years in my double who smoke a bong at 8 in the evening in the common space: Do you fucking have no decency?? No care that maybe the other people living in your mod don't

want you smoking a bong in the middle of the common space at 8 in the fucking evening?? What the HELL were you thinking?

5) Special Programs: Special Programs needs to pick up their phone more often. They also need to call back when students leave messages. They need to NOT get dates mixed up for your DIVISION 3 SCREENING!! They need to actually FUNCTION in order to provide this campus with a service. Instead, they simply pretend, and this only fucks people up even more.

6) The Forward: I honestly have nothing to say about the Forward. It's a campus newspaper that only comes out 4 times a semester. It's understaffed, doesn't write about the stuff that needs to be written about, and still prints an absurd number of copies. I've spent four years attacking it, but you can only beat a dead horse so many times.

7) People who Write Anonymously: Every one of you reading this who has ever written an anonymous piece of graffiti, Daily Jolt post, or poster should be ashamed of yourselves. You're not only making a jackass out of yourself and the administration, but you're also giving nothing to the community. You might as well have written, "I'm a fucking idiot and I want you to all be mad at each other because I don't know how to spell my real name." Grow some fucking kahoons and put your goddamn name on it. Why would you say something that you can't even stand behind? Every time you do it, you're just being a hypocrite. If you don't know what it means, LOOK IT UP IN

A DICTIONARY. And no, it isn't a good thing.

8) The Omen: If it wasn't for the Omen, I'd have a much better life right now. I would have had every other weekend off to myself for the past 3 years, a much less stressful summer before a certain CRB hearing based around the Omen last year, and maybe, just maybe, I wouldn't be as conscious of the reverse-discrimination that occurs on this campus everyday. If it wasn't for the Omen, I would have had a much more prosperous social life and found time to do the things I've always wanted to do like snort lines and shoot up and harass first years. What has the Omen really ever given me other than heartache and cerebral palsy? I mean, I'm

working on this article right now instead of doing something important, like playing video games or watching "Law and Order" for the gazillionth time!

9) And finally: to a certain member of the Hampshire community I like to call Stan Kiang. I don't hate you because of the color of the skin or your sexual preference. I don't hate you because of your income bracket or the clothes you wear or the people you hang out with. No, I don't hate you for any of these reasons. I simply hate you because you're a fucking asshole. And frankly, I think that that's my right to feel that way.

And if you found this article offensive or tasteless, fuck off. I'm tired of people complaining about

what "hurts" and what "offends." You can all take this damn education and this fucking school and dig a hole right up your anus where you can deposit them for the rest of time. I don't expect you to like what I'm saying, but I have a right to say it, and print it. And that's why the Omen is the last bastion of free will on this campus. It's the only group that fights for the rights of others to speak out. It doesn't exclude other students based on their color or race or religion, it doesn't say, "You don't have the right to say that," and it definitely doesn't hide itself behind an anonymous heading. Long live the Omen, and may God have mercy on all of your souls, fuckers.



continued from page 6

smells like cow excrement."

And most of these places do not pass for actual towns by any stretch of the imagination. At best they're neighborhoods. Is this some scheme to confuse the enemy in case Canada invades? Also, naming counties after neighboring states is a really fucking stupid idea. I'm sure we've all gone through the same fucking conversation:

"I go to Hampshire."

"Oh, in New Hampshire?"

"No, in Amherst, Massachusetts."

"Oh, so you go to Amherst."

"... Yes. I go to Amherst."

By the way, I think we should have an all community vote and change the name from Hampshire College to Amherst Honors College. I mean, we're in Amherst. What would you rather have it say on your diploma?

Finally, what the hell is up with all these New England men with

white hair and faces that look like they were shaped from the skin of an albino alligator? You know what I'm talking about. Always staring at you with their hollow gorilla eyes. Talk about too many Lovecraftian horrors in the gene pool! I think it must be the same guy too. Everywhere I go, there's Old Man Withers mumbling angrily at me in his incoherent New England accent. It's a caste system really. The uppies carry out all the decent jobs and for everything else they cloned a race of white-haired zombie slaves. The prototype is probably in a nursing home somewhere, wondering who that strange, black-robed nurse was that needed a sample of each of his humours.

Here is how I would describe the quintessential Massachusetts experience. It's cold. It's dark. It's wet. I'm standing alone at a Peter-Pan bus stop in some rusted out industrial shit-hole of a town

(let's say Pittsfield). I have been standing here for several hours because those ass-slurpers at Peter Pan Buses do not print up to date bus schedules or arrive anywhere on time. Two people have asked me for money and seven people have summoned me for jury duty. I ask when this bus will show up only to find the wrathful empty face of Old Man Withers, "Chuba-chum-bum!", he mutters in Massachusettsian, "Chooba-shub-Cthulhu-fagni!" Man, this place sucks.

Wow, I feel better already. You know, it's something of a tradition to talk in one's final Omen article about how horrible Hampshire is and how you were mistreated. Well I really liked Hampshire. I realize I may have fucked out in some ways. But what I didn't like was all these whiny motherfuckers I had to put up with for

continued on page 12

RENOVATION, AND OTHER LATIN DERIVATIVES

These are exciting times at Hampshire College: Dakin will be partially renovated this summer. In general, renovation is a good word, suggesting improvements and goodness. At Hampshire College, however, we bring new meaning to renovation. If I didn't know the situation, I would immediately think upon reading such a sentence that we "renovate" without actually spending any money. A truly Hampshire way of doing things.

The method of choice here is taking old, but usable carpet, and replacing it with some hard, non-carpet surface.

But in fact, it's better than that. We are actually spending money in an attempt to make the dorms even less livable than they are today. The method of choice here is taking old, but usable carpet, and replacing it with some hard, non-carpet surface. For an idea of what this is like, consider the part of Dakin without carpets already: the bathrooms. Don't get me wrong. Back in my days of dorm living I visited the bathroom as often

as anybody else. I even enjoyed the frequent trip through the bathroom on my way to visit other halls. But in my recollection, I never slept in the bathroom, played video games there, or wrote even a single page of my Div3 there. Nor did I ever have the desire to do so. Was that entirely due to the lack of carpet in the bathroom? YES!

But now, Dakin will bring the hard, cold, and ugly bathroom-floor experience home to your very own room. Enjoy—it's your tuition dollars at work.



continued from page 11

LAYCOCK SAYS: FUCK YOU!

years. "Hampshire sucks!", "Saga is gross!", "People here are pretentious!", "I lied cans to myself and no one cares!"

Shut the fuck up! If these people hate Hampshire so much why don't they just leave? I'm not just talking about students either, "Hampshire students are lazy!" "I don't get paid enough!", "The other professors are mean to me, I need my own school!", "It's not fair that I have to write evaluations in order to get paid!", "The software program that I designed to write evaluations for me still requires data entry!", "Why can't Hampshire be more like Amherst!"

This reminds me of another thing I'd like to get off my chest. Nobody ever leaves Hampshire. That's really another way this place is like Ravenloft. People CAN leave. They can leave at any time. And yet they don't. No matter how much they claim to hate this place or how long ago they failed

out, they refuse to leave. They stay until they have turned Hampshire into their own private hell.

You see in high-school, if someone was an asshole, I always knew I wouldn't have to put up with them forever. If they were older than me, they would graduate and leave. If they were in my class, and they were enough of a dick, they would eventually get expelled and leave. But here, I am forever cheated out of the satisfaction of seeing people I don't like leave. All my old enemies return again and again like vengeful ghosts. I mean how many people can squat on one campus? I've seen the tents out behind Greenwich. There are lots of tents back there (big wink directed at public safety.) Eventually, I think they will erect some sort of shanty-town. Fires and plagues will clean it out from time to time, but more will come. And then finally they will erect some sprawling City of Dis where all

those fools who hated Hampshire but refused to leave will end up dwelling like Moorlocks until they finally over-dose or commit suicide.

But I never did hate Hampshire. I loved it. I've wanted to come here since the tenth grade and I'm glad I made that decision. And that's why I have to leave forever before this pleasant place sours, stagnates, and becomes a prison.

Oh, I almost forgot. You know all that superstition about the Hampshire bell? I got drunk and rang it last winter. Some people told me I was cursed, but today I just passed a 172 page Div III that went off without a hitch. On the other hand, everyone who told me I was cursed is no longer on this campus. The gods of Hampshire are weak. The gods of Texas are strong. So long everybody.



GEEK LOVE

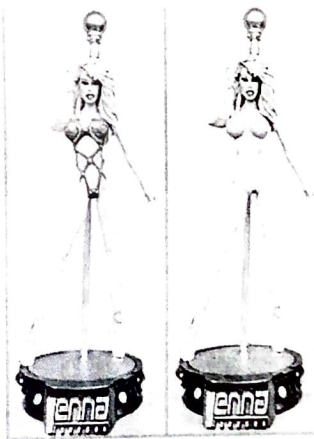
I'm not going to graduate from Hampshire College. It's not an uncommon occurrence, but for me it's a bitter pill to swallow. I have no one to blame but myself for this, and I'm ok with that.

While academically I wasn't the strongest student, I managed to accomplish some things of which I'm rather proud. I dressed up as Optimus Prime for Hampshire Halloween (and got an incredible reception). I've been a more or less consistent *Omen* contributor. I've been in a couple plays. I've been an amateur professional wrestler going on three years, and entertained people in the process. My withdrawal from Hampshire has made me that much prouder of the people who have graduated and those that currently are. Especially this year's crop—the *Omen* staff, especially, Benni, Wilder, Christine, and Gwynne. I'm so fucking proud of all of you. It's because of you guys that I don't consider my time here wasted. When I first came to Hampshire, I was in awe of the *Omen*, and hoped one day I could sum up the courage to venture into the basement, floppy disk in hand, to join the *Omen* pantheon. Now that I'm immortalized several times over in print, I can look back on two years plus of late nights, bad jokes, and cold pizza and consider it completely worth my while. Oh, and firm handshakes and pats on the back to all non-*Omeniks* who've said hi to me over the years or stopped to shoot the shit. Y'know who y'are. Stiff drinks and best wishes to ya.

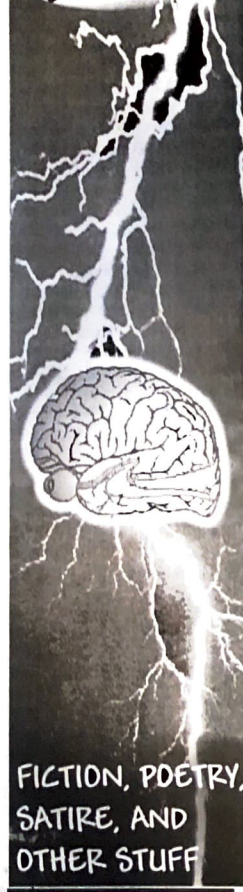
BYE BYE AND OH MY!

And one other thing. There's this product I saw in Newbury Comics. It's only available to people 18 and older to purchase, and you can find it at www.plasticfantasy.com. It is... a JENNA JAMESON ACTION FIGURE!!! You read right— not a blow-up doll, not a life-cast realistically modeled vagina, an ACTION FIGURE. What the fuck. What the fuck. What the fuck. Don't misunderstand, I love action figures, and boy oh boy do I like porn, but this is truly sick. It's designed to push all sorts of creepy psychosexual buttons in the post-adolescent male heterosexual demographic. It comes with a "Futuristic Base with Dancers Pole" (sic). What the hell? How can you display this kind of thing in any sort of social setting? That might be the point, I can

imagine some spawn-reading recluse fondling Jenna's anatomically correct six-and-a-quarter inches with one hand while rooting around in his novelty boxers with the other. Or, perhaps he's letting Jenna and Rocksteady from the Ninja Turtles bump uglies. It's not a good likeness no matter what "xXx Scan" technology they're employing—and the sad thing is it doesn't even look like her! Even sadder, there are more on the way, including gangbang queen and plastic surgery disaster Houston. The Jenna Jameson Action figure is detestable. It's tacky. It's warped. It'll probably be worth a lot of money someday. I should probably get one and hold on to it. No, not that way, asshole.



SECTION LIES



LEGEND OF THE LONG NIGHT, PART II

After thanking Inanna, Queen of the City of Dreams, Csucskari the Gypsy and Ulfric the War Hound left the Silver Palace and continued on their quest.

"Where," asked Ulfric, "Does the light lead us?"

"This way," said Csucskari, the Gypsy. The will-o-the-wisp led the two companions to the edge of the City of Dreams, to the river Acheron. Ulfric, the War Hound, and the Gypsy Csucskari followed the river towards its spring. Each moved as fast as he could; Csucskari flew on the wings of the wind, and Ulfric ran with the speed of the wolves, who, as everyone knows, possess a magic for running. They traveled across the frozen plains at the end of the world, the frozen desert of the Borealis, the sea of ice, a thousand miles of frozen waste, and finally came to the source of the river Acheron: the Guningagap, the Black Pit Where the World Began, a chasm so vast and deep that it had no bottom and no edges. Here, Ulfric the War Hound stopped.

"What is it, my friend?" asked Csucskari.

Ulfric of the Northmen pointed towards a curve of shimmering, rainbow light that arched above the great Guningagap. "That is Bifrost," he said, "The Rainbow Bridge. It leads to the Hall of the Warriors, where, if I am truly a valorous and courageous warrior, my spirit will be taken when I die."

Csucskari nodded, for he was a tallos and knew the stories of

the Northmen. "We must go, my friend," the Gypsy said to Ulfric. "Down, into the Pit."

"But how?" Asked Ulfric, the War Hound.

"Come, there are stairs," And Csucskari led his friend to the edge of the Guningagap, and, sure enough, around the edge of the pit were stairs made of ice. Csucskari the Gypsy and Ulfric the War Hound made their way carefully down these stairs, and descended into the Guningagap, the Black Pit At The Edge of the World.

They traveled for what seemed like many days, but could not have been more than a few hours, for time passes differently in the black void of the Guningagap, the Black Pit Where the World Began. Finally, Csucskari the Gypsy and Ulfric the War Hound came upon a Citadel, made of black iron and hoarfrost, suspended in the darkness of the Guningagap.

"This," said Ulfric, "must be the castle of Ankou, King of the Unhallowed Dead, and master of the Land Beneath."

Csucskari, the Gypsy, made as if to reply, but before he could say a word, out of the iron and ice gates of the Citadel of Ankou, master of the Land Beneath, came the army of the Unhallowed Dead, the Sluagh, Those Who Walk the Low Road.

Ulfric, the War Hound, hefted his great war-axe, the Troll Cleaver, and donned his helmet, the Unconquerable. To Csucskari,

by Christopher Braak, columnist



FIRST EVER!

Laura sat alone outside the yurt, idly fingering the glass pipe in her pocket. She was thinking of smoking, but she didn't really have the energy. On the other hand, nobody was around and she hadn't gotten the chance to smoke in the open since 4/20.

Today was 5/20. Everyone else had been kicked off campus, but she still had that fucking class at Holyoke. Why did she even bother?

"Hey kid," Laura's bitter reverie was interrupted by an oh too familiar male voice.

"Hey yourself. Shouldn't you be gone by now?"

"Yeah, but no. I couldn't get a plane out until tomorrow."

"Sucks. Where you staying tonight?"

"No idea. You're the first person I've seen that I know."

"You can come camp out at my place..." Laura inwardly smacked herself as soon as she spoke.

"I'd love to! We can have a slumber party."

"Oh good," Laura thought. Another night where you come over and we don't get any sleep.

Six hours later, Laura and Tristan were sitting around her room, painting their nails black and watching Bring It On. They were also finishing the bottle of Stoli Laura found under the heater when she cleaned her room.

It was somewhere around

his sixth shot that Tristan spoke up. "So why don't you like sex, anyway?"

"What do you mean?" Laura felt her first wave of nausea for the evening, and not because of the booze.

"I don't think you like sex. Not only do you only have it when you're trashed, but you never spend the night."

"You mean I only have sex with 'you' when I'm trashed. And why should I spend the night?"

"Because you shouldn't be able to move."

"There's always the possibility that you're no good in bed."

"Try again." They both laughed.

"I don't like the walk of shame. There's nothing like dwelling on something embarrassing at six in the morning when you're not dressed for the cold and you're either still drunk or hungover."

"Laura, don't you think we know each other well enough that you could spend the night?"

"Could this PLEASE cease to be about us? Come on, we're missing Kirsten Dunt exemplifying white privilege."

"Fuck that. Please dear, we need to talk."

"About what?" Laura looked longingly at her teen movie before turning to Tristan. "Me not wanting to fuck you?"

"More about you wanting to." Tristan paused, but Laura didn't respond. "I see how you look at

me. You may treat me like your little brother ninety percent of the time but that ten percent of the time when you don't is indecent."

"I've never thought you to be a big stickler for decency. In fact, I could swear you appreciated it in a woman, especially when she's sucking your cock, as I've been known to do in the past."

"No complaints. Just... concerns."

"You can take your concerns and shove them up your ass. You might like it. In fact, I'm almost certain you would."

"Harsh. And here I thought we were gonna have fun tonight."

"We were until you brought up sex."

"Sex is fun."

"Only if you're having it."

"Feel like having some?"

"Sure. But didn't you just say I didn't like it?"

"Well... I like it." Tristan shrugged, and took another swig of the Stoli, direct from the bottle. Laura'd drunk her standard eight before cutting herself off.

She was having a moral dilemma. All of her body and some of her will begged for sex at that moment. The alcohol demanded it. At the same time, what Tristan deserved was a good ass-kickin and a spot on the floor to sleep. If she didn't just throw him right out of the mod. She wanted to throw him







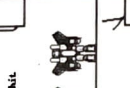




continued on page 21

**MORE THAN
MEETS
THE EYE!**

Realizing this, Megatron orders his most trusted lieutenants to train the fledgling Decepticon army. Soundwave instructs the ground and sea troops in D.I.C.K., Decepticons Investigating Combat Kinetics, while Starscream is tasked with instructing Megatron's air forces in D.O.N.G., Decepticons Observing Newtonian Gravitrionics. All seems well with Soundwave's students, but what of Starscream's pupils? Find out in...

The Transformers: D.O.N.G.

<p>See, I hope they get us up early enough. The name's Thundercrunch, by the way. Planned to meet you.</p> <p>Mr. Simpson. Likewise.</p>	<p>Thanks. Why do they call you Thundercruncher?</p> <p>OOH!</p>	<p>BRAAPIII</p>	<p>My guys We're Biceps and Ramjet. What's this BONG thing gonna start?</p> <p>Dunno, this "thing" was or ganized quite poorly.</p>
<p>Hey, what time's this thing supposed to start anyway?</p> <p>I dunno.</p>	<p>Cool name. Why Biceps?</p> <p>Oh, I can teleport. Watch.</p>	<p>I do this... thing... one sec...</p>	<p>Wow. That's unbelievable.</p> <p>Fu-uh! without cymon. C... kinda here. C... kinda here. I saw one of those on Antaresin, though.</p>

 <p>OK LISTEN UP!!! I'VE GOT A MESSAGE FROM YOUR INSTRUCTOR!!! ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW IS ON THIS TAPE, SO WATCH!!!! WE'VE GOT TO A FACULTY MEETING!!</p>	 <p>Who are the Warner Brothers? Generally, I suppose. Or maybe scientists.</p>	 <p>It would be wise to plunder Ah... "ACME" corporation. They feature for weaponry and technology.</p>	 <p>I agree. Look at those rocket sleds go!</p>	 <p>Hi. My name's... Thrud. Please don't laugh.</p>	 <p>Wouldn't dream of it. You didn't smile much, only a little between sessions and what apparently are the Aristocrat segments of video tape in the back.</p>
 <p>No skit.</p>	 <p>What the hell? I know!!! He didn't name any thirty seconds. Oh, well, let's watch the tape.</p>	 <p>I don't see how watching a coped attempting to drop rocks on a speeding train will help us crush the Autobots.</p>	 <p>Index... It's 6 for 32 so far.</p>	 <p>It's changing... hm... now there are several segments of videotape featuring pure Earth-humans falling down or getting struck in the genitals. Instructors then detect Earth-humans Ah... so we live off oranges, so the Earth humans live off the palm of their flowers.</p>	

17



MAGNUM. UHHHHH, OPUS

Breathe in... I haven't written a personal article all semester. I've told stories and interviewed curmudgeons, but my heart has been kept on the shelf. This semester went quickly for me, and for everyone else, I'm sure. A friend of mine pointed out at the beginning of the year that this semester wouldn't be as long as fall. Since the beginning I've felt that it was almost over. Then there was that bitch of a winter. Why the fuck did it last for six months? What's wrong with this state? We had 80 degree days and then snow a week later. When my calendar stops showing months that end in "-ary," I expect sunshine. I'm from California for g-d's sake. I don't understand how sometimes snow can be made into snowballs and how at other times it's too slippery to walk on. My state only has two seasons, Hot and Rainy. I demand Summer. ...and exhale.

continued from page 14

THE LEGEND OF THE LONG NIGHT

the Gypsy, he shouted, "Go! Go inside and steal back the Sun! I will hold off the Dead!" And with that, the War Hound uttered a great shout and fell upon them, and laid about himself with his great war-axe.

Comprehending the gravity of the situation, for Csucskari was a tallos, and knew many secrets of the world, the Gypsy slipped past the army of Those Who Walk the Low Road, and into the iron and hoarfrost Citadel of Ankou, the King of the Unhallowed Dead.

Inside, Csucskari, the Gypsy, closed his mundane eye, and looked with his green and magic eye. It was as dark as anything in the Pit at the Edge of the World, but very faintly Csucskari the Gypsy could see a splash of golden light. Csucskari, who was a tallos and so understood many secret things, followed the light deeper and deeper into the ice and iron Citadel. Finally, he came to a large room, within which was a great pedestal, upon which was a sphere shining with magical

color that Csucskari, who was a tallos and knew many secrets of the world, knew was the Sun. Immediately, the Gypsy slipped into the shadows, in the way that only Gypsies can, for he perceived that Ankou, who was and master of the Land Beneath, was in the room as well.

"Who goes there?" Called Ankou, King of the Unhallowed Dead. "Who is in my home?"

Csucskari, who was a tallos, worked a magic on himself, so that he might appear in the likeness of a ghost. "It is I," he called from the shadows.

"Who are you?" Boomed the voice of Ankou, the master of the Land Beneath, and the Lord of All the Ghosts.

"I am but a humble spirit," whispered Csucskari in the manner of a ghost. "I have come to warn you, great king Ankou, King of the Unhallowed Dead and master of the Land Beneath. I have come to warn you that Ulfir, the War Hound, has defeated your Army of the Unhallowed Ghosts, and now he comes for

you." "This cannot be!" Shouted Ankou, master of the Land Beneath. Csucskari the Gypsy could feel the great king's power, the might of all the Dark, and the spirit of the Long Night. But Csucskari, who was, of course, a tallos, kept his fear away as only a tallos can; for he knew that Ankou, the King of the Unhallowed Dead would smell his fear, and then he would no longer be fooled by Csucskari's magic.

But Ankou, Lord of All the Ghosts, and master of the Land Beneath, was fooled, for even he could be fooled for a short time by the magic of a tallos, and the great King of the Dark went to the gates of the Citadel to meet Ulfir the War Hound. But there, Ankou, the King of the Unhallowed Dead, saw that Ulfir of the Northern People was barely holding the Army of the Dead at bay, and in no position to come for the great king of the Dark. It was then that Ankou, the master of the

continued on page 22

continued from page 15

somewhere. But maybe just on his back so she could straddle him and begin... no, she wasn't going to think about that.

"I don't want to, Tristan."

"You sure...?" Tristan scooted closer to her, nudging her shoulder with his nose.

"Know the meaning of the word 'no' dude?"

"I know you. You're not the type." He bit her, not hard, just enough to keep her attention.

"Not the type to what?"

"Say no and mean it." His lips trailed along her skin to the collarbone. He kissed the flesh, licking in the shallow impression. She turned her head away, but she could feel him edging steadily closer. Why wouldn't he stop? Why couldn't she stop? He pushed her back onto the bed, and she fell limply back, shaking, caught in her dilemma.

"Not going to try and stop me?"

"I, I just, please st-" The rest of her words were cut off as he pressed his lips impatiently against hers, shoving his tongue inside her open mouth.

Her fingers dug into the sheets when he reached between her legs, rubbing firmly against the damp fabric. The rough cotton fiber of her pants was undeniably stimulating, and Laura was quickly losing any sense of control she ever thought she had. Not that she ever had any, really. Had she ever really thought she'd say no? Tristan knew she couldn't.

He pushed her shirt up above her breasts, and leaned down to bite her nipples, leaving dark patches on the plain brown fabric.

"What happened to all those nice lace bras you used to wear?" Tristan asked playfully, quickly undoing the clasp in the front.

"I save them for the boys I like."

"What a mean thing for you to say. Keep saying shit like that, I won't go down on you."

"I don't need you," Laura said, but very quietly.

"I dare you to make me believe that." Tristan yanked down her pants, leaving them around her knees. He yanked her pussy closer to his mouth, and began licking in in slow, insistent strokes. Laura said nothing. She bit into her palm to keep from moaning or crying or expressing whatever it was that she felt.

His teeth grazed her labia and he began to suck on her clit. He was doing everything right, only everything was wrong. And he stopped before she came.

"Are you going to suck me?" She looked up at him dispassionately. "If I have to."

"Do you want to?"

"Not particularly."

He slid himself along her so his mouth was right by her ear. "I'm going to fuck you," he whispered. "I'm going to shove my cock deep inside you and I'm going to cum. And then you can eat me. Is that alright with you little girl?"

Laura nodded. And he kissed her again, gently, his tongue so carefully probing her, loving her mouth. And then he entered her. He put her legs up around his shoulders and fucked her as hard and fast as he could.

"Finger yourself. I want you to

FIRST EVER!

make yourself cum as I watch." Laura obeyed. She couldn't not obey. Her index finger ran in circles around her clit as she watched his face. His eyes were closed. He wasn't watching her. He couldn't even stand it. Maybe he was picturing someone else.

It was over before she even really noticed. She came and then he came and they were lying there, almost soaked in their own juices. Tristan lay on his back, sighing contentedly.

Laura kneeled in front of him, and put her mouth on his cock, sucking the last of him out. He moaned, and put his hand on the back of her head.

"You're such a good girl."

Soon enough he shoved her off, and she went to fetch some water for both of them. They sat there in silence for maybe ten minutes before Tristan spoke.

"That was the first time you've ever cum with me."

Laura sat there quietly, non-responsive.

"Do you usually have an orgasm?"

"Actually..." Laura sighed.

"That was the first time."

"Ever?"

"Yeah. Thanks."



The Article Goblins cringe

continued from page 20

THE LEGEND OF THE LONG NIGHT

Land Beneath, realized that he had been tricked. As swift as the Darkness, Ankou returned to the deepest chamber of his ice and iron Citadel. But too late, for Csucskari, the Gypsy, had stolen back the Sun, and then vanished into the shadows, as only a Gypsy can do.

As quick as the wind, Csucskari the Gypsy fled the Citadel. "Ulfric," he called to his friend. "I have it! Come, we must return to the Artifice!" And Csucskari the Gypsy and Ulfric the War Hound fled with the speed of wolves and the wings of the wind, out of the Guningagap. They raced across the frozen plains, and Ankou, master of the Land Beneath, and Lord of All the Ghosts, and his Army of the Unhallowed Dead followed, in the form of a vast, creeping darkness, that slowly, inexorably closed in upon them.

But still Csucskari, the Gypsy, and Ulfric, the War Hound ran, across the frozen sea, and through the Black Forest. They ran so fast that they could move across the top of the Middle Sea; but even this did not save them, for the black shadow that was Ankou and his army merely froze the Middle Sea to ice as it went, still drawing ever closer.

The Gypsy Csucskari and Ulfric of the Northern People ran until they thought their hearts would burst, but they still could not outrun the black army of Ankou, the King of the Unhallowed Dead. They came finally into the Middle Desert, with the dark army of Those Who Walk the Low Road so close that Ulfric and Csucskari could feel the icy cold touch of those dark spirits. Suddenly, Csucskari the Gypsy saw the

obelisk that marked the entrance to the Hall of Bone. "Quickly, Ulfric, my friend, I see it!" But too late. The Army of the Dead fell upon them.

"You must go ahead," Ulfric the War Hound said to his friend. "I will hold them here." And he turned and began to hack at the army with his great war-axe, the Troll Cleaver. But even mighty Ulfric, with his axe and his helm the Unconquerable could not hold off the Army of the Unhallowed Dead any longer, not with Ankou, the great King of the Dark and Lord of All the Ghosts leading the army. And the Sluagh, Those Who Walk the Low Road, fell upon Ulfric, the War Hound, and took his war-axe, the Troll Cleaver, and his helm, the Unconquerable, and beat him to within an inch of his life.

Ankou, King of the Unhallowed Dead and Spirit of the Long Night, knew that Ulfric of the Northmen was not his true quarry, and so the King of the Dark led his army past the near-dead War Hound, after Csucskari the Gypsy. The Army of the Unhallowed Dead caught Csucskari, the Gypsy, in the Hall of Bone. They attacked him, and made as if to kill him, when a piercing howl split the air.

It was the pure, bell-like tone of a wolf, so clear and strong that even the Unhallowed Dead paused. For the half-dead Ulfric, lying in the sands of the Middle Desert, called on the strength of his Land. He called upon the strength of the Borealis, the frozen sea; he called on the strength of the great Yew and Ash trees that held up the sky; but most of all, he called on the

strength of the wolves. And there, in the sands of the middle desert, before the great obelisk that was the door to the Hall of Bone, Ulfric became a huge, gray wolf. He launched himself into the Army of Those Who Walk the Low Road, and with the strength of all the Northlands, and a magic that was all his own, fought back the Army of the Unhallowed Dead.

Hesitating not an instant, Csucskari, the Gypsy, who was a talos and knew many secrets of the world, took the Sun under his arm and ran through the Hall of Bone, to the great Artifice at its end, the Machine that made the world move, and kept the stars in the sky. Csucskari the Gypsy put the Sun in its place in the Machine, and with a shudder and a groan so monstrous that it was heard across the world, the Great Artifice began to move again.

Then, after what would have been three full days of darkness, the dawn broke across the horizon, and spread Sunlight across the Middle Desert. The bright light of day destroyed the Sluagh, the Army of the Unhallowed Dead, and banished Ankou, the King of the Dark and Spirit of the Long Night, back to the dark Guningagap at the edge of the world, the Black Pit Where the World Began. Joyously, Csucskari the Gypsy left the Hall of Bone to tell Ulfric of the great news. But, as Csucskari the Gypsy emerged into the daylight, his joy turned into the deepest sorrow. For there was the body of his friend; Ulfric of the Northmen, the War Hound, lay dead in the sands. With a cry of grief and rage, Csucskari the Gypsy took

continued from page 22

THE LEGEND OF THE LONG NIGHT

up Ulfric's helm, Unconquerable, and his great war-axe, Troll Cleaver, and threw them into the sky, working a magic as he did so—for Csucskari was a talos and knew many secrets of the world. Then, Csucskari went about burying his friend.

When he had finished, the Sun had set, but it was still nearly as light as day. For in the sky

burned a star so beautiful and bright that it outshone even the glowing full Moon. This was what had become of Ulfric's helm, Unconquerable, and his great war-axe, the Troll Cleaver, and the bright and beautiful star burned for twelve more days, so bright that it could even be seen in the golden light of the Sun.

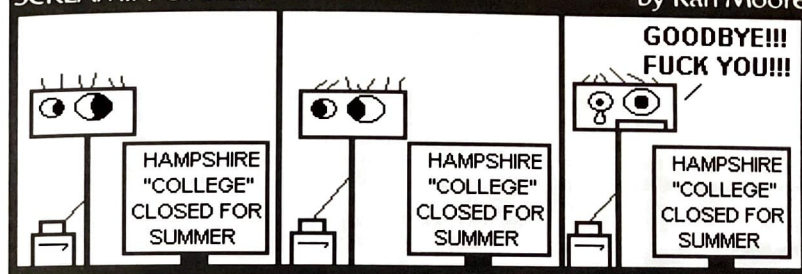
That is how the old stories

go, because that's the way things were in the old days. And, if he hasn't died, then Csucskari the Gypsy is still alive, wandering the world. He is, after all, a talos. The old stories say also that Ulfric's star still burns as true and as bright, but only for those who know where to look.



SCREAMIN' STEVEN

by Karl Moore



QUESTIONABLE HAIKU

bestiality haikus:
I go grave robbing
Flaming squirrel rides my cock
Ow! Ow! Ow! That burns!

Fire all around me
Devil dog rides my cock
I love you, Satan

I am such a perv
Flaming kitten rides my cock
Yay rigor mortis

Yay merril monster
Flaming heater rides my cock
Ow ow ow that burns

I love webbing
Flaming spider rides my cock
I like spider sex

I go back in time
Pterodactyl rides my cock
I love dinosaurs

miscellaneous haikus:
Fucking cookwear thieves
Feel the pain I give to you
My boot's in your ass

Yay happy haikus
La la la la la la la
Bliss really kicks ass

I hate calculus
This boredom swallows my soul
Someone kill me please

haikus about sucking dick:
I suck dick for coke
All these lines go up my nose
I need a shotgun

I suck dick for E
All these pills burn up my brain
I need Prozac

I suck dick for fun
All these cocks make me so wet
I cum everywhere

I suck dick for mods
All these students make me dance
Yay upperclassmen

I suck dick for Hamp
Fin aid removed my MassGrant
Guess I'll go elsewhere

I suck dick for comps
I can shine all your hardware
Payment plans a must

by Chuck Bovard, contributor

THE FINE ART OF PANELHANDLING

An essential element of visual storytelling is the composition of each image. Though composition is generally recognized as vital to film, most overlook its importance in the medium of comics. Indeed, in comics it may be even more important—in film, the size and shape of the frame is determined by the type of film used; in comics, there are no set guidelines for the size, shape, and layout of panels. The only limit is the size of paper being used—and, though 8½ x 11 is “standard” in the comics industry, this is by no means a requirement (witness Chris Ware’s *Acme Novelty Library*, of which each issue is a different size and shape). Because the layout and design of panels is so free, it is here that the uniqueness of comics as an art medium is revealed.

To begin, however, it’s important to look at what not to do. The panel below (from *Avengers* #141, with art by George Perez and Vince Colletta) is a fine example. (I should note that this critique is by no means a slur on either of these artists: this is a particularly early work of Perez’s, who later went on to become one of the finest artists to work at DC Comics in the 80s). Nothing is happening

in this frame. This is not a problem in itself. But *how* is nothing happening? This panel shows us a series of faces with no real purpose other than showing who is present in the scene. Beyond this, little is offered in the way of describing the physical relationships between the characters—in fact, perspective is nearly nonexistent in the panel. Most damaging to this panel is its layout—it is as wide as the page, the only panel on this particular page of that width. This gives the panel a visual priority that is not fulfilled by its contents. The eye is drawn to it, evaluating it as somehow more important than the surrounding panels, when in fact it is of negligible value on the page and in the comic as a whole.

Another notable aspect of this panel is its lack of a background—a problem also encountered by Dave Sim in the earlier issues of his epic *Cerebus*. For several years, *Cerebus* was the work of Sim alone, who functioned as writer, artist, letterer, and publisher. Sim’s art is quite strong, and he has a particular talent for drawing faces, both realistic and caricatured. However, the demands of creating and publishing his work more or less singlehandedly began to take a

toll on the quality of Sim’s art. Though his characters remained striking, he found himself more and more frequently skipping on the backgrounds of his panels. Often, entire scenes would take place against a backdrop of blank white or pure black, offering the reader little sense of place. In order to better balance his art, Sim sought the assistance of another artist, known only as Gerhard, to draw backgrounds for his comics. (This is, I believe, the only time in the entire history of comics that a separate artist has done only backgrounds, though I may be mistaken. Normally where two artists are listed the first supplied pencils, and the second filled in the art with inks—and no, you dumb Kevin Smith fans, it’s not just tracing). The collaboration was an unquestionable success, and Sim’s art has become sharper in the years of his ongoing collaboration with Gerhard. Their collaboration is a testament to the importance of background to balancing a panel.

J.H. Williams III and Mick Gray—currently artists on Alan Moore’s *Promethea* (which I unabashedly say is the best comic being published right now)—offer a fine example of how to perfectly balance a panel. Though virtu-



A “talking head” panel from a 1970’s issue of *The Avengers*.



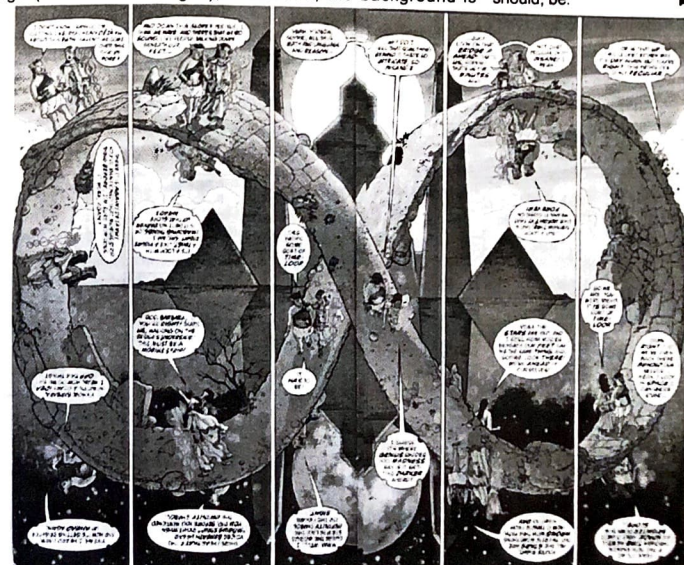
Cerebus before Gerhard...

...and after.

ally any image from the 20-and-counting issues of *Promethea* would be a fine counter-example to the Perez/Colletta image above, I have chosen to provide this two-page spread from *Promethea* #15 to illustrate the potential of panel composition and layout. In this image (or series of images),

the characters walk around a moebius strip. The sequence follows not the usual left-to-right panel order, but rather follows the characters as they walk around the surface of the strip — and yes, it does repeat forever, if you want it to. The panel is perfectly balanced, the background is

interesting without being distracting, and the figures of the characters guide the eye over the entire image. In this image, as in most of their work on *Promethea*, Williams and Gray offer an ideal example of what comics can, and should, be.



One more reason why *Promethea* is the best thing on the market.



ROCCOLOGY

CIAO BELLA HAMPSHIRE!!

Anywho, so it's the end of the spring semester-- more importantly it's a successful conclusion of my fifth year at Hampshire. I can't say I've ever regretted my decision to transfer out of Vassar after my sophomore year in '97, though when I say 'decision' I really mean 'forced expulsion.' I'd rather not get into it- that is, I'm under strict legal writ not to talk about it. But that's in my past now. Hampshire is the present and the future.

I've been working on my Div II½ for about three semesters now. I got caught in the middle of a change in the divisional planning, and somehow ended up with multiple SS advisors telling me to "explore some options"

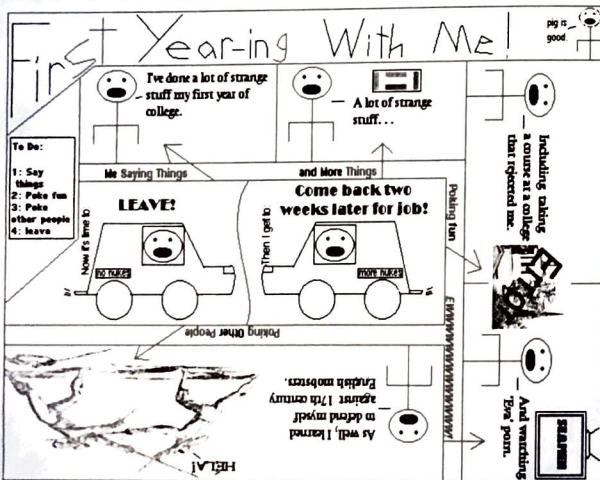
before filing for Div III. I've had a lot of fun in the mean-time though. I built a SmURT (Small Underground Radio Tomato) and a giant Fridge connecting the RCC to the library. If all goes well, my current plans for an experimental 'Recital Hall' will be fruitful as well, although my advisors think the idea is a waste of valuable time.

Some people

think that five years is a long time to be a Hampshire student, but I always tell them that my two years at Vassar really gave me a good perspective before coming here. I foresee my own death happening about 17 years from now, and I figure "What the hell would I be doing if I weren't at Hampshire?" It's only reasonable to stay in college AT LEAST as long as Full House was on- Joey and the gang all seemed to have a great time growing up together, and I'll be damned if I'm going to run out on my community before it's time. Here's some sage advice for you little first-years: Why are you working so hard to be Div II? Do you expect to actually do something useful outside of college? These are the best 4+ years of your life, and I stress the

+ emphatically. Take a moment to lay down and procrastinate, to venerate Rip Van Winkle (in moderation), and to read Herman Hesse's 'Siddhartha' very carefully. Then go live in Enfield.

As my 7th year of college officially draws to a close, I can't help but reflect on what an enlightening experience it has been. Yes, Vassar sucked, but that's in the past. I am now enrolled at a college whose pedagogical mission is the antithesis of the phallogocentric reality which, paradoxically, broils in its own confrontational ideologies. So take a moment to step back and breathe, to stop and smell the pig roast. Your life is only as long as you make it, but always remember that immortality is overrated.



When I start this column early last year ago, I wanted become more popular on Hampshire Campus than Human Papilloma Virus. Was big dream, yes, and I achieve. Now, like many student at Hampshire, I write retrospective. I am just was associate professor, no student- is no for real, but fun!

Retrospective Mine, By Rocco Siffredi

Anal women were not problem, almost half the campus have I loved. But it is issues, yes, that is no doing- so frustrate, and is all Hampshire girl! We are sweating, and have plans for butt-sex and slapping, and all sudden she say, "Oh, Rocco you remind me of father- I hate him!" or "Rocco, no, I must be alone now please! Needing to take pills for no crazy!" Issues, is drive me crazy! See, is issues almost making anal heat no fun! Is no worth!

I am not bisex, so no sex with male. But I notice many thing here men need to for get more anal playing. So I put in retrospective.

Shaving- oh, men need to shave face and area stomach. You cannot preparing ass for explore with scratchy face! And stomach, how can girl see wash-tub abs you have if you no shave hairy so she see!

Clean - Wash body and self
Little sweat when doing things
nasty is ok- but many man walk
here without taking showering
for week! You no animal! No

need musk and pheromone!
Just clean, hard body and big
dick! (Oh, women who I no
bang? Is no clean is reason why.
No hurt, is just honest.)

Drug- Drug is terrible idea for all sexing. All make dick limp like American fucking Twinkie. Pot? Hah! You waiting warm, fuzzy feeling in brain in your dick? No! Must keep focus!! And Ecstasy may make dance, but will no make big bulge in pants. The acid mushrooms no good. Might cut dick off in accident- I don't know, you think it something like cannibal worm or salami. Speak of salami- I telling you already right way to eat to get slim and sex ready. I hope you heed.

Sexing all sorts place is fun!
But one time girl said she meet
me in *Omen* office- I run all
places, but no find. I suspecting
is prank. She bitch. I find many
good real place to nasty sex
on Hampshire Campus. Some
special include Yurt- nobody use



at all, and I bend many girls over idle equipment.. is so quiet, so nasty.. but private, no bother. Also Forward Office- you not live until you bend five girl over metric ton of no distribute forward papers. And with riding crop! Who forget Lemelson Designing Center? No person there ever! I film *Rocco's Reverse Gangbang 2* there, and no one ever know! Same with Writing Center! And 85, 20, 26, 96. Is number for idiot American lottery? No! Is mods go for nastiest sexing. Oh, is anywhere here you can think good for sexing, if you careful plan- just watching for broken glass. I at bell ringing and tie girl up in bell chain, we are so nasty sexing, and she cut foot on piece of bottle. Make worse, it bottle of American wine! So I take her to Pubic Safety. Is big hassling!! Bell is ringing, she bleeding, not good time. Also for music is important: for sexing, be consider: Andrew W.K. Wagner, Bjork, and the Daft Punks.

I feel so sad to say goodbye, I knowing you sad for goodbye to me too also. Who know? Maybe I see you again in fall, if opportunity. Opportunity is important. You must keep eye out. Never know when. That is why I leave you with autographed photo and advice.

If you think you no succeed in life, keep chin up and remember what good friend mine say:

**"You are next!
Watch because you
are next!"**

-Dirty Anal Kelly





LIST O' END OF THE YEAR THOUGHTS

by Beth Day, columnist

When I can't think of something I have enough of an opinion on to write a whole article on, I make a list.

1. Final word on the first year plan. The lounges are expected to be really full next year, but not because the incoming class is big. Apparently we've had one of the highest retention rates we've had in a long time. So because a lot less people are leaving this year, there is less room in the dorms/mods than usual. I think it's funny that right as they're scrapping the old system they finally get it to work decently. It's fascinating, the first years this year have it so much more together than my year ever did. So many of them have their div I's quite well underway if not done. I don't know what the school did differently this year or if they just picked a really good group of kids.

2. People graduating. This year I've known a lot of people who are graduating, and I think I'm in this weird state of denial that they are. It's going to be really weird when they aren't here next year. There's a lot of them I wish I had gotten to know better than I did. There's always the people you just talked to when they were around but you never really hung out with or the people you kind of admired from afar but never really had the bravery to really talk to. Or there's the people you talked to more at one point but when they moved to the mods and laziness sat in or whatever, and then you

didn't really talk to them as much anymore. Anyways, good luck all you lovely people, you've done the impossible and graduated.

3. One hit wonder bands. I'm making it my mission to salvage one hit wonder bands from the miscellaneous (insert letter here) sections they've been put in. Mostly because at Turn It Up they are all of 5 dollars used. Space's "Spiders" is my most recent purchase. I've gotten all nostalgic for the music I listened to in early high school as of late.

4. The future. For the first time in my Hampshire career, I'm not terrified about being Div III next year. I have an REU (Research Experience for Undergraduates) with Maryland Sea Grant at the Chesapeake Biological Lab for the summer, so I'm excited because I actually have some kind of research to do and thus write about. The project is about the effects of low-level toxins on grass shrimp.

5. Dakin renovations and the Pub Lab. I was really excited about them until I learned that we were going to have to empty out the Pub Lab of the piles of *Omens* that are everywhere (you know, the piling piles of trash piling up) as well as all the computers. Dude, the Pub Lab should become our office, after we're the ones who have to move all the damn comput-

ers. I really wish we could do something to fix the Pub Lab up and make it more widely used. I think it could be a really cool resource if someone would just throw some love and money its way. Damn, we're going to have to take all our porn off the walls.

6. I've officially become the *Omen's* bitch. I'm to be a signer next year. Writing for the *Omen* has been really interesting because I've had so many people who've told me their view of who and how I am has changed since they've read my articles. Apparently a lot of people thought I was much more quiet, innocent and fuzzy than I really am. I guess not enough of them have seen Matthew and I together enough. They've never been on G2 to see us stage my killing of him and shoving his body in the phone closet.

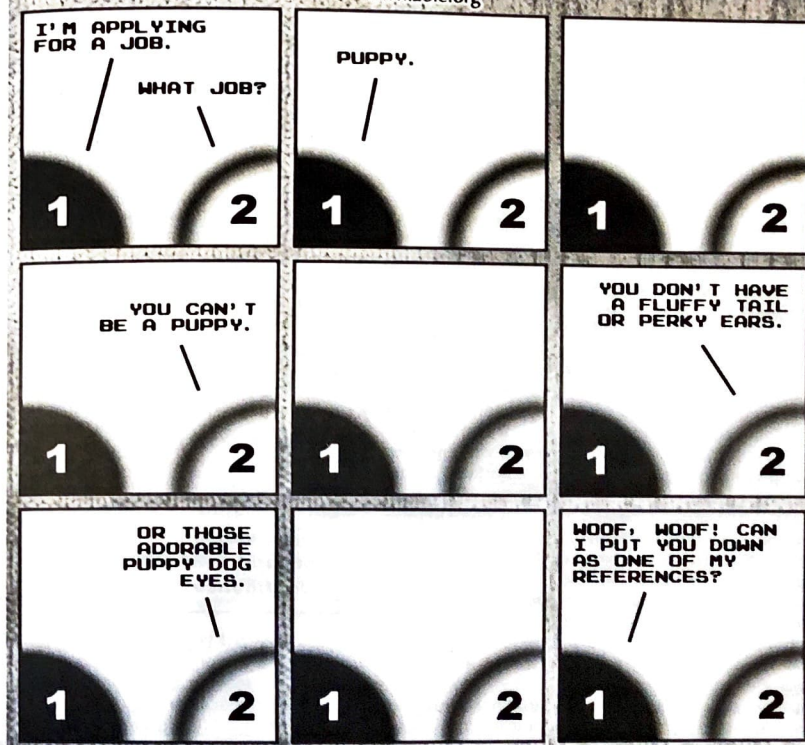
Now here is Aaron Buchsbaum to finish my article for me:

Beth claims to love Leisure Suit Larry, but she actually loves Matthew Montgomery. Yet, even this is a lie- Beth day loves *Morrowind*, but is simply using Matthew Montgomery in order to get to *Morrowind*. Most people ask "but Beth, why can't you just buy your own copy of *Morrowind*?" Truth is, she's extremely worried about her reputation as a natural-science-geek. Beth feels as though she may be mistaken as a computer-geek if her real feelings about *Morrowind* become known.

Now, you might say "That's

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XXXXXX

by M. Zole
www.zole.org



not so bad. I am conscientious of my reputation as well." But do not forget her outright usury of Matthew Montgomery! With my own eyes I have seen the hidden suppression of poor Matthew Montgomery. It made me cry, my friends. I broke down and bawled like a child. You would too if you saw Beth electro-shocking her poor black-haired male into buying *Morrowind*. Worse, she forced him to be publicly excited about its purchase. At night I could hear the horrible screams, Beth's threats to cut Matthew's long beautiful locks from his beady little head. The poor boy never saw it coming.

In conclusion, Beth Day is one of the most evil forces on this campus. Rumour has it that she is currently involved in a coup to put Dr. Doom out of power, in order to take over his horde of subverted henchmen. Beware the Beth!





Once again the end of the year is upon us, whether or not we wanted it to come.

We've run the gauntlet, folks. We've survived a national tragedy, countless campus uproars, and our own personal problems. Some of us even survived with little to no war wounds, others weren't so lucky.

This is the issue of the year in which people tend to write their "fuck you" articles. Now, I could very well follow suit but I'm not sure if I want to, could do so, or should do so. Instead I'll just write this as if I would an entry in my journal. No structure, countless ramblings-on...

Wait. I guess I would be writing in my usual *Omen* style anyway.

As a first year, at the end of the year you've survived that initial social awkwardness, you've realized that you spent far too much time worrying about getting your Div Is done (granted, that doesn't mean you actually did them, or any for that matter). Basically at the end of the year, you reached a comfort zone that has you looking at your second year with confidence.

I went through that whole deal last year. I did all that I had to do academically, found people that I was getting along with and as a second year I was moving into the mods. Things were stellar.

As a second year, you start learning more and not just in the academic sense. The thing that I learned here at Hampshire that

has had the most impact on me is that we are just one big high school experience all over again. And it's the most sickening I've ever had to deal with. I didn't even have to deal with this bullshit in high school and suddenly Hampshire has you wading knee deep in it.

Never have I had to deal with so many people at this school having so many secret agendas. Agendas in which they were screwing people over left and right. And what I love to hear is that the people that have these agendas are trying to

**At the end of the year
you've survived that
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confidence.**

make this school a better place and are trying to make more students feel comfortable at this school. What they don't seem to realize is that they're going about there attack the wrong way and are screwing over their fellow students. The politics at this school are so seedy. I know, I know, we're not the only school that has problems like these but this is the school I'm at right now.

Then there's my personal favorite high school trait that I've been privy to this year: the cattiness. Geezus people. Never have I seen so many people be so fucking petty. I love how people can dislike you because of who you hang out with, try to play fucking mind games, use people, or just because you don't play the game, they look at you

as if they have won.

Yes, yes, you've won. Congratulations, you'll get your 25 lb smoked ham delivered to you.

In short, this year has made me realize moreso that this school is too fucking small and that people will continue to act as if they are the center of their own little worlds.

The only thing that is keeping me coming back next semester is the fact that I love this campus, especially in the spring. That's sad when that's the only thing bringing you back.

Well, okay, not entirely. There are a few decent people left on campus but they are few and far between; with a good deal of them actually leaving.

Which leads me to the end of this article, well almost. As I did

last year, I want to say goodbye to some of the people that are leaving this year and made my year bearable.

Nick Edwards- When I've needed an older brother type, you were always around, kiddo. You're a doll. Your Div III was one of the best musical pieces I've seen on Hampshire campus since I've been here and that makes me sure that I don't have to worry about your success.

Christine- What am I going to do now when someone says

continued on next page

ROSIE'S YEAR IN REVIEW

ON MISSED OPPORTUNITIES AND LAMBS

by Alyssa Dzaugis, contributor

The saying youth is wasted on the young has never seemed so true to me as now. I want a do over. I want a second chance. I want a discount on my student loans. I want to live it up. I want my body to have the density of dark matter. I want it okay for me not to be whole. I want calorie free whiskey and croissants. I want to find better living through chemistry. I want to like everyone. I want to set everyone I dislike on fire. I want my urges to set people on fire to be accepted by the last living Shaker. I want a lamb. I want to kiss 10 percent of the campus before I graduate.

I want to let go. I want my left hook to be as good as my right. I want to know when it's time to let go. I want the Hampshire dryers to give me back all my socks. I want more men to read feminist theory. I want to love with less fear and more cookies. I want petty Hampshire politics to evaporate like morning fog. I want more time with my sister. I want Buffy to stop being self righteous and just get with Spike. I want a torrid love affair with Nick Cave. I want to end pollution and war. I want to weld a throne of steel and blood. And I want to be happy, but I'll settle for romantically melancholy yet

stable.

My youth is not quite over yet....but sad to say my Hampshire days are. To those I've pined for from far across the choppy waters of my own neurosis, you're beautiful. To those I loathe, I will destroy you if our paths ever cross again. And to the rest, good luck to you who may still be searching. And if there's anyone who can help me find any of the above, drop me a line.

Over and Out,
alyssa

p.s. My apartment
doesn't allow lambs.



continued from previous page

that I'm "oppressing" myself? You are one of the few others that also knows what it feels like to oppress themselves as well. I'm going to miss my "Student of Color sistah".

Gwynne, Kate, and Lillian - My three mod mothers, always making sure that I would eat, that I would behave myself but at the same time found some way to have me misbehave. You three were a riot to live with this year. I wish I would have spent more time in the mod this year, but you know me...I never hang out in the place I live. Love you guys and Lillian I'm glad you came back in time to read this and see that you're missed as well.

The Women of 96- Jess, Vicky and Keely, thank you guys

for hanging out. You guys helped make for some interesting nights in 96. And Keely, thank you for being my "seizure dog".

Wilder- You said during the summer that I was one that liked to "err on the side of caution" and you in your own little way have helped me be less like that. All I can say is, remember our little conversation during Winter Break this year? Actually, you probably don't. Regardless, it's been fun working with you and whether or not you're indirectly responsible for beginning the communication between this next person and I...

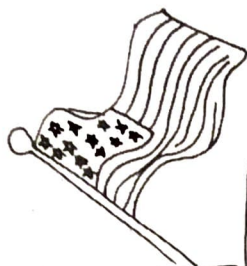
Benni- Funny to think that we've run quite the gauntlet, ay champ? Nine months of friendship in which I can honestly say that I've gone through calling

you and I Hampshire campus' version of Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum, chucklehead, asshole, and my best friend. You told me not too long ago that you consider me your best friend and I told you the same, whether or not that still holds true at this point, I just want to say that even though we've been through a lot, I'm glad that we became the friends that we did and I will miss you. Even though I know that you will be living in the basement studio next year.

That's it folks, I've talked enough. Here's my quote for the year: "This is the most joyous and happy, mournful and sad year I've ever known." - Billy Corgan



TEST YOUR PRESIDENTIAL I.Q.



THINK YOU KNOW YOUR PRESIDENT? WELL! FIND OUT! MATCH TEN OF THE TWENTY QUOTES BELOW TO GEORGE DUBBYA; THE OTHER TO EX-VICE PRESIDENT DAN QUAYLE. IT'S HARDER THAN YOU THINK. WHICH IS DUMBER? WHICH MORE INARTICULATE? WHICH MAKES YOU Sadder YOU'RE AN AMERICAN? GOOD LUCK AND RAISE THOSE FLAGS!

① A LOW VOTER TURN-OUT IS AN INDICATION OF FEWER PEOPLE GOING TO THE POLLS.

② I HAVE LEARNED FROM MISTAKES I MAY OR NOT HAVE MADE.

③ IF WE DON'T SUCCEED, WE RUN THE RISK OF FAILURE.

④ PEOPLE THAT ARE REALLY VERY WEIRD CAN GET INTO SENSITIVE POSITIONS AND HAVE A TREMENDOUS IMPACT ON HISTORY.

⑤ I BELIEVE WE ARE ON AN IRREVERSIBLE TREND TOWARD MORE FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY, BUT THAT COULD CHANGE.

⑥ I WAS RECENTLY ON A TOUR OF LATIN AMERICA AND THE ONLY REGRET I HAVE WAS THAT I DIDN'T STUDY LATIN HARDER IN SCHOOL SO I COULD CONVERSE WITH THOSE PEOPLE.

⑦ MY FRIENDS, NO MATTER HOW ROUGH THE ROAD MAY BE, WE CAN AND WE WILL NEVER NEVER SURRENDER TO WHAT IS RIGHT.

⑧ THE LOSS OF LIFE WILL BE IRREPLACEABLE.

⑨ DRUG THERAPIES ARE REPLACING A LOT OF MEDICINES AS WE USED TO KNOW IT.

⑩ THEY WANT THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT CONTROLLING SOCIAL SECURITY LIKE IT'S SOME KIND OF FEDERAL PROGRAM.

⑪ YOU TEACH A CHILD TO READ AND HE OR HER WILL BE ABLE TO PASS A LITERACY TEST.

⑫ NOTHING CAN BE FURTHER THAN THE TRUTH.

⑬ THIS ELECTION IS ABOUT WHO'S GOING TO BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

⑭ I KNOW THE HUMAN BEING AND FISH CAN CO-EXIST PEACEFULLY.

⑮ IF IT ISN'T POLLUTION THAT IS HURTING THE ENVIRONMENT, IT'S THE IMPURITIES IN OUR AIR AND WATER THAT ARE DOING IT.

⑯ THE VAST MAJORITY OF OUR IMPORTS COME FROM OUTSIDE THE COUNTRY.

⑰ THEY MISUNDERESTIMATED ME.

⑱ I HAVE MADE GOOD JUDGEMENTS IN THE PAST. I HAVE MADE GOOD JUDGEMENTS IN THE FUTURE.

⑲ REPUBLICANS UNDERSTAND THE IMPORTANCE OF BONDAGE BETWEEN A MOTHER AND CHILD.